THE EUNUCH, OR, *The Darby Captain*, A FARCE,

As it is Acted by his MAJESTY's Servants at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by J. ISTED, at the *Golden-Ball* by *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleet-Street*, A. DODD at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*, and E. NUTT at the *Royal-Exchange*.

[Price One Shilling.]

To His Grace

The Duke of *Rutland.*

My Lord,

THE Dignity with which you ſupport the Titles to which you was born caſts a greater Luſtre on you than the Titles themſelves can give; and the Honours with which you have ſince been cloathed are no more than a Debt due from the Sovereign to ſuperior Worth. If *Edward*'s Star was always as well placed as it is on your Grace, it would not paſs unheeded by ſo often as it has, but ſerve, wherever it blazed, to point out an Object of general Reſpect. Your Grace's Conduct in Parliament has ſhewed you a Friend to your Country; nor is it among the leaſt of your Honours that you are always ready to promote any Work of Learning or Genius: theſe are the Virtues which will render your Memory dear to your Countrymen; and which make a

public Monument of Reſpect your Due. What I here offer to your Grace is a Tribute of unfeigned Regard; and I wiſh it was more worthy your Acceptance; but, ſuch as it is, two of the greateſt *Romans*, *Scipio* and *Lælius*, thought one of the Authors from whom I take Part of it worthy not only their Protection, but their ſocial Hours of Friendſhip.

I have the Honour to be, my LORD,

Your GRACE'S

moſt obedient,

obliged, and moſt humble, Servant

THOMAS COOKE.

THE

PREFACE.

THE *Plot of the* Eunuch *is entirely taken from* Terence's *Play of that Title. The Character of Captain* Brag *is a Compoſition of the Hero of* Plautus's *Comedy called* Miles glorioſus, *and of* Terence's Thraſo, *in his Comedy of the* Eunuch: Needy's *Character is likewiſe taken partly from the Paraſite in* PLAUTUS's Miles glorioſus, *and partly from the Paraſite in* TERENCE's Eunuch. *The Girl that is raviſhed appears but once in* Terence's *Play; and then ſhe does not ſpeak: I thought a Scene betwixt her and her Lover would not be diſagreeable. The Diſcovery of the Captain being a Kidnapper is an Incident of my own; and the Songs I muſt aſſure the Reader are neither from* Plautus *nor* Terence: *how properly they are introduced I will not venture to ſay; but I have no Reaſon to be ſorry that I added them.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. CROSS.

IN antient Greece, *the Parent of the Stage,*
Theſe Scenes began, and pleas'd a learned Age:
Menander *then, and then* Philemon *writ;*
And the State flouriſh'd with the Growth of Wit:
In after Days, when Barbariſm fled
From Italy, *and Science rear'd her Head,*
Virtue and Learning both were ſeen to bloom;
And Grecian *Wit tranſlated was to* Rome;
Scipio *and* Lælius *thought it then as great*
To aid the Muſes as to guard the State.
What we preſent ye now from Athens *came,*
Firſt brought to Rome *by two great Sons of Fame:*
To raiſe your Mirth, and Laughter to excite,
Plautus *and* Terence *join our Bard to-night:*
If ye approve him now, another Year
May bring from Rome *a richer Harveſt here.*

THE

The PERSONS.

MEN.

COURTLY *sen.* }	*Brothers.*	Mr. *Este.*
COURTLY *jun.* }		Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
BEVIL.		Mr. *Cole.*
Captain BRAG.		Mr. *Mecklin.*
NEEDY, *a Hanger on of the Captain's.*		Mr. *Turbut.*
TRUSTY, *Servant to* Courtly *sen.*		Mr. *Winstone.*
An EUNUCH.		Mr. *Leigh.*

WOMEN.

DORINDA, Courtly *senr's Mistress.*	Miss *Brett.*
BELINDA.	Mrs. *Villeneuve.*
LETTICE, Dorinda's *Maid.*	Mrs. *Bennet.*

SCENE *a Village near* LONDON.

THE

THE EUNUCH, OR *The Darby Captain.*

SCENE I.

Before DORINDA's *Door.*

COURTLY *ſen. and* TRUSTY.

Court.

WHAT ſhall I do? Shall I not go, now ſhe has ſent for me? or ſhall I ſtay, and let her ſee I will not bear th' Affronts of an abandon'd Woman?

Truſt.

If you ſhew that you can't bear her Abſence, ſhe'll uſe you like a Slave when ſhe finds you onc.

Court.

Truſty, thou'ſt often ſtood my Friend by thy Advice, direct me now; exert thy Reaſon for me.

Truſt.

Ah! Sir, that is not to be directed by Reaſon which has neither Reaſon nor Moderation in it. Love, like Zeal, will admit of no Reaſon againſt itſelf.

Court.

Alas! my Folly pains me, yet I burn with Love: I ſee my Malady, and yet admit no Cure.——I know not what to do.

Truſt.

But I know what you'll do ſoon; for here comes one that is as much Miſtreſs of your Actions as ſhe is of your Heart. (*Seeing* Dorinda.

SCENE II.

DORINDA *enters.*

Dor.

I'm miſerably afraid that *Courtly* ſuſpected I was deny'd to him yeſterday; if I find he did, I will not diſown it, but tell him the Cauſe. (*Not ſeeing them.*

Court.

I can't hold a Joint ſtill, *Truſty*; I tremble at the Sight of her.

Dor.

Whoſe Voice is that, my *Courtly*'s? Why d'y'ſtand here? Why did not you come in without any Ceremony?

Court.

Your denying yourſelf laſt Night was a great Encouragement for me to uſe ſuch a Freedom.

Dor.

Paſs that by.

Court.

Paſs it by! O! *Dorinda*, I wiſh your Love was equal to my own, or that your Heart felt this as much as mine!

Dor.

I did not deny myſelf thro Want of Love to you; but Neceſſity oblig'd me to it.

Truſt.

I believe, poor Soul, ſhe deny'd herſelf out of pure Love and Kindneſs to him. (*Aſide.*

Dor.

Dor.

I'll tell you, *Courtly*, what oblig'd me to that Behaviour: *Truſty*, I ſuppoſe, can keep a Secret.

Truſt.

Nobody better, if my Ears are not impos'd upon.

Dor.

My Mother was left a Widow at *Jamaica*.

Truſt.

That may be kep'd a Secret.

Dor.

There a certain Merchant made her a Preſent of a little Girl that he had bought, who had been ſtole from *England* by a Set of People call'd Kidnappers: we were ſent to School together, and there contracted an Intimacy which grew into an Affection. My Mother dy'd, and made Captain *Brag* her Executor, becauſe he was better acquainted with my Father's Effects than any other Perſon. As ſoon as I was in Poſſeſſion of Part of my Fortune, which enables me to live without treſpaſſing much on you, I came to *England*.

Court.

Where does your Story lead?

Dor.

Have Patience, and you ſhall know. He kep'd my little Friend to himſelf, and has brought her over to *England* with him: now there are many Reaſons, my dear *Courtly*, why I want to get her from him: firſt, the Eſteem I have for her makes me deſirous of it; and I have great Reaſon to think I have found out her Friends, who are Perſons of Fortune and Diſtinction; to whom I wou'd reſtore her for her own and their Sake.

Court.

Well, how is that to be done?

Dor.

He has long promis'd her to me, but is afraid that, as ſoon as I have her, I ſhall abandon him for you; for you muſt know that he makes violent Profeſſions of Love to me; which I have in ſome Manner encourag'd, with the Hopes of having my Friend from him; and he aſſur'd me that he wou'd this very Day ſend her to me; and, if you will be ſo good as to refrain from viſiting me two or three

Days, perhaps a ſhorter Time will do, I doubt not but I ſhall ſecure her for her Friends.

Court.

Thou worſt of Women, what Anſwer can I make to ſuch a Requeſt?

Truſt.

Well ſay'd, Maſter of mine: he's gall'd at laſt. (*Aſide.*

Dor.

Tho earneſtly I wiſh to have her from him, yet, rather than give you Pain, I'll do any Thing you'd have me.

Court.

Wou'd that was from your Heart! Cou'd I believe that ſincerely ſpoke, there's Nothing you cou'd wiſh but I cou'd bear.

Truſt.

How ſoon he ſtaggers, vanquiſh'd with little more than a Word! (*Aſide.*

Dor.

Only indulge me in this I beſeech you.

Court.

You ſhall be obey'd. I'll go, and pine away two Days of Exile.

Dor.

Courtly, a ſhort Farewell. Have you any Commands?

Court.

Yes.——When you're with your Captain, be abſent in his Preſence: let all your Expectation be of me: and, as I leave my Heart with you, ſend you your Heart with me.

Dor.

If Truth and Sincerity can make me dearer to you, you'll not repent this Tryal of me. Your Servant.—— You'll not forget the *Eunuch* you promis'd me. (*She goes.*

SCENE III.

Court.

This is a ſtrange Sort of Humour of *Dorinda*'s: ſhe has long importun'd me to purchaſe her an *Eunuch*: I really believe her Pride is to be ſingular from other Women of Faſhion: ſhe has read that *Eunuchs* were in the Train of Queens in former Days; and ſhe, like a Sovereign as ſhe

ſhe is, wou'd not be without one: I have got her one, and at no ſmall Expence: but, as ſhe is not unreaſonable in her Demands in other Things, I have no great Reaſon to complain. *Truſty*, do as I order'd you before; conduct the *Eunuch* to *Dorinda*'s when I'm gone; and have an Eye upon her Viſiters. (*He goes.*

SCENE IV.

Truſt.

I will, Sir.—Who comes here? 'Tis *Needy*, as I live, the Captain's Gentleman-Uſher: he is before-hand with me: he is carrying that lovely Creature to *Dorinda* from his Maſter. That ſuch an Angel's Form ſhou'd have been in the Powr of ſuch a Wretch as *Brag*, a lying, cowardly, boaſting Fellow, that from a Cabbin-Boy aroſe ſurpriſingly to be a *Weſt-Indy* Captain; yet, notwithſtanding his Wealth, I wou'd ſcorn to have him my Companion, even while I wear this Badge of Servitude my Livery.——Ah! I ſhall make but a ſcurvy Figure with my ſhrivell'd Eunuch after this Nonpareil of Beauty.

SCENE V.

Enter NEEDY *and* BELINDA.

Bel.

This to me! The Wolf ſhall wed the Lamb, the Hawk the Dove, ſooner than I'll ſubmit to hear thee talk of Love to me.

Need.

Tho I am now poor, I was not always ſo. I am forc'd indeed to feed another with Flattery that I may feed myſelf. When my coward Patron boaſts of Arms, ſuch *Alexander* was, and *Cæſar* ſuch! And when of Love, ſo ſmil'd *Adonis*, ſo *Apollo* talk'd!

Truſt.

A fine Fellow this truly! If he finds a Man a Fool, he leaves him a Mad-man. (*To himſelf.*

Bel.

Bel.

Thou haſt ſay'd enough to make me loath thee that can flatter ſuch a Thing as the Captain, and to deſpiſe him who can ſwallow ſuch a nauſeous Bait.

Need.

But hear me, *Belinda.*

Bel.

Shew me to *Dorinda*'s; and trouble me no more with your inſolent Attempts.

Need. (*Seeing* Truſty.

I'm interrupted: here's *Courtly*'s Servant lurking about the Houſe.——My dear Friend *Truſty*, how ſtand you here? (*Pointing to* Dorinda's *Houſe.*

Truſt.

Upon my Feet.

Need.

Pſhaw! I know that; but do you ſee Nothing you don't like? (*Pointing to* Belinda.

Truſt.

Yes, you.

Need.

Lend me a Caſt of your Office; be Maſter of the Ceremonys, and introduce me to *Dorinda.*

Truſt.

Your Preſent there will introduce you now.

Need.

Wou'd you have any Body ſent out to you? Ha, ha, ha. (*He laughs, and goes into* Dorinda's *with* Belinda.

SCENE VI.

Truſt.

Let me but ſee two or three Days gone and over, and I'll engage that neither you nor your Maſter will find a free Paſſage here any more.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

NEEDY *returns.*

Need.

What, art thou here ſtill, *Truſty?* You are left upon Guard, I ſuppoſe, that no Meſſage may paſs from the Captain to his Miſtreſs without your Knowledge. (*He goes.*

SCENE VIII.

Truſt.

Smartly ſaid truly: theſe are the wonderful fine Things which take with the Captain ſo much: - - -but here comes my Maſter's Brother: —— he looks as if he had loſs'd his Way, or his Senſes.

SCENE IX.

COURTLY *jun. enters.*

Court.

Undone, undone! She's loſs'd, and ſo am I, in loſing Sight of her. This Hope at leaſt is left, —— where-e'er ſhe is, ſhe can't be long conceal'd. Tranſcendent Beauty! Henceforth I blot all other Women from my Mind: compar'd to her, all vulgar Belles offend. (*To himſelf.*) —— What, *Truſty* here? You are the Man I want.

Truſt.

And always at your Service, Sir.

Court.

You have often promis'd me your Aſſiſtance in any Love Affair, *Truſty*, if I ſhou'd need it; and now's the Time. I've ſeen to-day what has been oft' deſcrib'd in antient Tales, a Nymph divine, a Goddeſs born, one that is form'd to give Delight and Pain to all that gaze upon her. Make her mine by Force, by Stratagem, or Pray'r; —— I don't care how, ſo I do but poſſeſs her.

Truſt.

Truſt.

But, Sir, where ſhall I find this Goddeſs, as you call her? Muſt I ſearch the Books I often ſee you reading, *Ovid*, and *Dryden's* Fables?

Court.

No trifling now: I loſs'd her in my Way: young *Bevil* ſtop'd me for a Minute, and, tho I broke abruptly from him, ſhe's fled, and left me like a Lover's Dream.

Truſt.

Which Way did ſhe go?

Court.

I think ſhe turn'd down here, but am not certain.

Truſt.

An hundred to one but the ſame that's gone to *Dorinda's*. (*Aſide.*) Had ſhe any Company with her?

Court.

Yes, a Fellow with a ſleek Countenance, that ſeems to live without any Care of his own.

Truſt.

What Age did ſhe ſeem to be of?

Court.

About ſixteen.

Truſt.

The very ſame.

Court.

What ſays honeſt *Truſty?* Have you ſeen her? Do you know her?

Truſt.

I have ſeen her, and I know her.

Court.

Say'ſt thou ſo? And can you tell where ſhe is?

Truſt.

She's at *Dorinda's* here: that Nymph divine, that Goddeſs born, is but a Slave, brought from the *Weſt-Indys*, and preſented by your Brother's Rival to his Miſtreſs *Dorinda*.

Court.

A Slave, a Preſent! What can equal her?

Truſt.

In Troth not my Maſter's Preſent, which I am going to carry, the *Eunuch* that's at Home.

Court.

Court.

Aſſiſt me, *Truſty*, to get her: your Head's well turn'd for the Management of Intrigues.

Truſt.

I muſt firſt go, and obey your Brother's Orders, and carry the *Eunuch* to *Dorinda*; then I'll be at your Service.

Court.

Happy *Eunuch*, who there may fill one Senſe at leaſt with Pleaſure, by gazing on her!

Truſt.

Now, ſuppoſe you was that happy Perſon.

Court.

How d'y' mean, *Truſty?*

Truſt.

Suppoſe you was to put on his Cloaths.

Court.

Go on, my *Machiavel* in Love.

Truſt.

So I'll preſent you to *Dorinda* for him: ſhe don't know you.

Court.

'Tis true, ſhe does not.

Truſt.

And you can ſing like a Man, tho you can't like an *Eunuch*: ſo 'tis but ſaying you have a Cold, if you are oblig'd to ſing.

Court.

This is the beſt Counſel my Ears have yet receiv'd. Let's go Home directly, while my Brothers's away, Dreſs me in the *Eunuch*'s Habit; and bring me to her as faſt as you can.

Truſt.

What are you about? I was only a little jocular.

Court.

No trifling.

Truſt.

Don't inſiſt upon't: you'll pull an old Houſe over my Head.

Court.

Let's about it.

Truſt.

But I ſhall ſuffer for all, unleſs you ſtand betwixt me and Danger.

Court.

Don't fear: you bind me to you for ever.
An Eunuch's *Habit ſhall the Man diſguiſe:*
'Tis Love directs, and Beauty is the Prize.

[They go.

SCENE X.

The SCENE *changes.*

BRAG *and* NEEDY.

Brag.

How did my fair *Dorinda*, the *Venus* of her *Mars*, receive my Preſent?

Need.

Very thankfully Sir.

Brag.

Was ſhe rejoic'd, ſay you? Ha!

Need.

She was, but not ſo much for what was ſent as for him that ſent it: in that ſhe prides herſelf indeed.

Brag.

'Tis my good Fortune to have ev'ry Thing well receiv'd that I do.

Need.

I have obſerv'd it.

Brag.

Whate'er I did when I was in the *Venetian* Service——

Need.

Where he never was in his Life. [*Aſide.*

Brag.

The *Doege* always expreſs'd his Approbation of it: he did not ſo to others.

Need

A Man of your Parts often reaps as much Glory by the Sharpneſs of his Tongue, as others do by the Edge of their Sword.

Brag.

Right.

Need.

The *Doege* therefore always had you in his Eye.

Brag.

As fitteſt to direct his Armys and his Councils.

Need.

Prodigious!

Brag.

And if he happen'd to be tir'd with Bus'neſs, and was inclin'd to Company, then I was all in all with him.

Need.

He was a great Politician by your Account.

Brag.

He was: there are few like him.

Need.

Not one, if he kep'd you Company. (*Aſide.*

Brag.

Did I ever tell you, *Needy*, how ſmart I was upon a *Parmeſan* once?

Need.

Never; pray tell me.——He has told me a thouſand Times already. (*Aſide.*

Brag.

This ſame *Parmeſan* Spark, that I was ſpeaking of, who was a Man of Quality, was at an Entertainment where I was; where I happen'd to have a Miſtreſs with me: he began to be ſweet upon her, and arch upon me: what wou'd you be at, ſays I, Stuff'd-Velvet? You are but a Fawn yourſelf, and do you want Ven'ſon?

Need.

Ha, ha, ha! Pray how did he take it?

Brag.

He was quite confounded: ev'ry one there was ready to dy with laughing: at laſt they all grew afraid of me, and avoided me.

Need.

I don't wonder why they wou'd not come near you afterwards.

Brag.

Come along with me to my Miſtreſſes's; but firſt you ſhall hear me ſing a Song upon *Dorinda*, a Song of my own.

Need.

That it is I am ſure; for you bought it, and pay'd for it, bad as it is. (*Aſide.*

Brag ſings.

I.

On the Ocean of Love while I ride,
Dorinda's *my Lighthouſe on Land;*
And her Eyes are the Torches which guide
My Bark to reach ſafely the Strand.

II.

Now and then ſhe appears to my Eye,
A Veſſel rich laden at Sea:
When to board her I manfully try,
She tacks to the Windward or Lee.

III.

I from Coaſt to Coaſt long have toſs'd,
Divided betwixt Hope and Fear;
But I'll venture no more to be loſs'd,
If into her Harbour I ſteer.

[Both go out ſinging.

SCENE XI.

DORINDA'S *Houſe.*

Truſty, Dorinda, Courtly *jun.* *in the* Eunuch's *Habit,* *and* Belinda.

Truſt.

Now I've executed my Maſter's Commands, have you any, Madam, for me to deliver to him?

[*To* Dorinda.

Dor.

My Service and my Thanks; and let him know that, now I've got my dear *Belinda* from the Captain, each Moment is a Year that's he's away.

Truſt.

I ſhall obey you, Madam: and do you Signior— (what in the Devil's Name ſhall I call him? *Aſide.*)— *Duriſtanti* —

Santi — (tho' I don't know whether that's a Man's or a Woman's Name. *Aſide.*) — mind and do your Duty.

(Truſty *goes.*

SCENE XII.

My dear *Belinda*, who's, next to *Courtly*, neareſt to my Heart, excuſe my leaving you ſo ſoon: I am going to the Captain, who has ſtill ſome Effects of mine in his Hands; and I am apprehenſive that he has a Deſign to defraud me of them, notwithſtanding his Paſſion for me: I know him to be a bragging, lying, fraudulent Rogue, that wou'd not ſcruple executing any Villany, if his Cowardice did not check him: which makes me often wonder why my Mother choſe him for a Guardian to me: beſides, as I intend, now I have you from him, to let him know ſoon how much I prefer *Courtly* to him and all Mankind, I think it proper to make an End of my Affairs with him as quick as poſſible.

Court.

I'm glad to find my Brother is not deceiv'd in his Opinion of an honeſt Whore. [*Aſide.*

Bel.

Tho, *Dorinda*, my Heart is full of many Cares, which I want to communicate to you, yet I wou'd not detain you from ſo neceſſary a Bus'neſs.

Dor.

I'll ſoon return. Signior attend that Lady ſtrictly; and, if you find her ſad, divert her Melancholly with a Song. (*She goes.*

SCENE XIII.

Court.

Say, lovely Maid, whence ſprings the Grief that ſits
So heavy on thee, as the Mildews hang
Upon the Bells of Flowrs to blight their Bloom?

Bel.

From him this Language! (*Aſide.*)—Gentle Creature ſay
Can'ſt thou have Pity, who no Paſſion feel?

Court.

Court.

Yes, I can pity, Child, and I can love, ——
But as a Siſter and a Friend wou'd love.

Bel.

And ſuch a Friend I want to eaſe my Woes,
By hearing my Complaints, and pitying me.

Court.

Thou ſhalt have Pity, and have Comfort too,
If thou wilt liſten to the Voice ——
of Love I was going to ſay; for I had forgot what I am at preſent. (*Aſide.*

Bel.

Thou ſtill retain'ſt that Property of Man
The Powr of flatt'ring: thou wou'd'ſt flatter me
With Hopes of Comfort: I no Hopes have left,
Snatch'd from my Parents in my infant Days; ——
But I ſhall run into a Tale too long
For Patience to endure. —— Let me prevail
Upon you, gentle Sir, to ſooth my Sorrows
With ſuch a Song as ſuits *Belinda*'s State.

Court.

Now be my Voice my Friend; and in her Ear
Pour Love, expel Deſpair, and raiſe Deſire. (*Aſide.*

He ſings.

I.

Belinda *ceaſe to cheriſh Grief,*
The Foe to Beauty to the laſt;
Your Sorrows cannot brinh Relief,
Nor call a Moment back that's paſs'd.

II.

Look on the Woes which you have borne
But as the Dreams of yeſter Night;
Which vaniſh with the riſing Morn,
That brings the Proſpect of Delight.

III.

Awake to Joy, from Sadneſs riſe,
And clear the melancholly Brow;
Open thoſe Lamps of Love your Eyes,
And ſee what Pleaſures wait you now.

Bel.

Bel.

Your Kindneſs, worthy Sir, deſerves my Thanks;
And, had I Powr, I wou'd reward it too.

Court.

I've my Reward in ſuch a lovely Friend.
Let us retire into your own Apartment;
And there relate the Tale you have to tell;
And if a Tear ſhou'd fall from thoſe dear Eyes,
I'll with my Kiſſes ſtop the pearly Dew.

(He leads her off.

SCENE XIV.

The SCENE *changes.*

BRAG *and* NEEDY.

Brag.

Was ever a Man of my Valour ſo groſly abus'd?

Need.

By whom, Sir?

Brag.

By *Dorinda:* the Baggage came to me, you know, as we were going to her: ſhe took me aſide, made a Demand of the Remainder of her Fortune, and forbad my Viſits.

Need.

The Woman's mad ſure, or ſhe wou'd not ſtand ſo much in her own Light:—— but *Dorinda* and I have contriv'd that you ſhall pay her another Viſit to ſome Purpoſe. *(Aſide.*

Brag.

I'll be reveng'd on her Cully *Courtly*; for whom I hear ſhe has ſent to come to her. I'll be reveng'd on all who take her Part.

Need.

Have Mercy in your Anger; the Man, you know, is Nothing in your Hands.

Brag.

Get my Sword ready; let it out-ſhine the mid-day Sun in *June*, that it may dazzle the Eyes of all who ſhall oppoſe

oppoſe me: yes, my faithful Blade, that has thirſted long, ſhall again be ſoak'd in Recreant's Blood.

Need.

Sir, you're the God of War; not *Kouli Kan* himſelf's a Match for you.

Brag.

You mean the *Turkiſh* General, who commanded againſt the *Venetians*, when I was in their Service.

Need.

The ſame indeed that commanded againſt the *Venetians*, when you was in their Service.

Brag.

Great *Achmet*'s Grandſon.

Need.

The very ſame. I ſhall never forget how his Army flew before you, like Leaves before the Wind.

Brag.

That was Nothing.

Need.

'Twas Nothing indeed. —— If any Body can ſhew me this Fellow's Equal for bragging and lying, I'll be his Slave for Life, and be kep'd with Bread and Water. (*Aſide.*

Brag.

You remember how I took the *Turkiſh* Man of War; for which the *Doege* gave me a Flag.

Need.

There's no relating all the mighty Acts which theſe Eyes have ſeen you do. — My Belly creates all theſe Troubles: my Ears muſt ſuffer, that my Teeth may be employ'd; and I muſt ſay yes at preſent to every Ly he tells. (*Aſide.*

Brag.

While you're the Herald of my Fame, my Table is your own.

Need.

Venice can witneſs how much you excel all other Mortals in Bravery and Wiſdom: as for the Beautys of your Perſon, there is not a Woman that ſees you without Admiration. As I was walking behind you yeſterday, a young Lady pull'd me by my Coat, and ask'd me ——

Brag.

What did ſhe ask?

Need.

Need.

If that was not King *Theodore?* No, ſays I, but it is his Brother; under whoſe Direction he does all that he does: by Heav'n, ſays ſhe, he's Something more than Man, his Form majeſtic, and his Look divine!

Brag.

Who is ſhe?

Need.

A Woman of the firſt Quality I aſſure you: and another, who had only hear'd of you, intreated me to bring you by her Window that ſhe may have a Sight of you.

Brag.

This Perſon of mine, *Needy*, has ſubjected me to great Inconveniences: but as we go to *Dorinda*'s, from whom I'm reſolv'd to take *Belinda* again, I'll paſs by the Window of the Fair unknown. (*They go.*

SCENE XV.

DORINDA's *Houſe.*

BELINDA *and* LETTICE.

Belinda ſinging.

1.

Ye Willows pale which grow faſt by,
To bind the ſlighted Lover's Brows,
Shall now my wretched Temples ty,
To tell the Breach of plighted Vows.

2.

While I without Relief complain,
And ſilently my Sorrows bear,
The pallid Wreath ſhall ſpeak my Pain,
And crown me Emblem of Deſpair.

(*Belinda* goes.

SCENE XVI.

Lettice.

Poor Soul! 'tis enough to make you mad to be Eunuch-raviſh'd: but here comes Mr. *Courtly* that gave my Miſtreſs this fine Preſent that has caus'd ſuch Diſturbance.

SCENE XVII.

COURTLY *ſen. enters.*

Lettice.

Your Servant Mr. *Courtly*, you've done well to treat my Lady in this Manner.

Court.

Why, Miſtreſs *Lettice?* I came as ſoon as I receiv'd her Meſſage: I'm not a Bird, tho I flew on the Wings of Love.

Lett.

The *Eunuch* which you ſent! What Havock has he made!

Court.

What has he done?

Lett.

Done? He has raviſh'd the Virgin which the Captain made my Miſtreſs a Preſent of, and he has ran away: I wiſh he hasn't ſtole Something out of the Houſe.

Court.

Are you in your Senſes? If he's run away, he's gone to my Houſe again; for he has no-where elſe to go. I'll fetch him back preſently with a Vengeance. (*He goes.*

SCENE XVIII.

Lett.

I've hear'd indeed that theſe *Eunuchs* are great Lovers of Women, but that they can do no Harm, as the Song ſays.

She ſings.

Raptur'd when I hear him ſing,
I wiſh I had the pretty Thing,
Pretty Thing that ſo can charm,
Pleaſe ſo much, and do no Harm!
Pleaſe ſo much, and do no Harm!

SCENE XIX.

COURTLY *enters, draging in the* Eunuch.

Court.

Come in you Raſcal; you curſed Bargain come.

Lett.

What, ha' you got him?

Court.

Got him? Yes: ſee what a wry Mouth the Hang-dog makes. What's the Meaning of your runing back? Why have you chang'd your Cloaths? What have you to ſay for yourſelf?

Lett.

Where's the *Eunuch* Mr. *Courtly?*

Court.

To whom do you think I'm talking? Isn't he before your Eyes?

Lett.

Before my Eyes? Who?

Court.

This Cur here.

Lett.

Who is he?

Court.

The ſame that was brought to your Houſe to-day.

Lett.

Not one of us indeed, Sir, ever ſaw this Perſon before.

Court.

Never ſaw him?

Lett.

Pray, did you imagine this to be him that was brought to ur Houſe?

Court.

I had no other to ſend.

Lett.

Ah! there's no Compariſon betwixt them. T'other's a genteel Perſon: fut! I can't bear the Sight of this.

Court.

What a Tale is here! Hark y': (*to the Eunuch.*) —— was not you at this Houſe to-day?

Eun.

No, Sir.

Court.

Where had you the Cloaths you've on?

Eun.

Your Brother gave 'em to me.

Court.

When?

Eun.

To-day.

Court.

Who was with him?

Eun.

Truſty.

Court.

Where are your own Cloaths?

Eun.

Your Brother put them on, and left his with me.

Court.

Death! I begin to ſee how it is now.

Lett.

Do you think I'm in my Senſes or not Mr. *Courtly?*

Court.

Here has been Something done, Mrs. *Lettice*, that ſhou'd not have been: ſhew me to your Miſtreſs; and ſhe and I will conſult about it. (*They go.*

SCENE

SCENE XX.

The SCENE *changes.*

BEVIL *and* COURTLY *jun.*

Bev.

I have been at *Dorinda*'s, and find ſhe is my Siſter: the Proofs are too plain to admit of a Doubt: and what you've told me of your Succeſs in your Diſguiſe muſt make us Foes for ever.

Court.

Are there no Means to prevent that *Bevil?* It was a Rape, but an unfiniſh'd one: ſhe ſtruggled for her Vertue more vigorouſly than Miſers wou'd for Gold.

Bev.

She has ſix thouſand Pounds, left by her Father; which I will make ten: I ſhou'd have had no Objection to my Friend *Courtly* for a Brother-in-Law if this had not happen'd; but now I can give my Siſter to no other Man with Honour.

Court.

The Injury, *Bevil*, was not meant to you; nor did I take her then for what ſhe is. Let us go to *Dorinda*'s; where, I hear, my Brother is; and there we'll heal all Differences in the beſt Manner we can.

Bev.

With all my Heart; for I was going thither again myſelf. I'll attend you. (*They go.*

SCENE XXI.

DORINDA'S *Houſe.*

DORINDA *and* COURTLY, *Sen.*

Dor.

How unfortunate am I when I thought myſelf moſt happy! I have no ſooner reſtor'd my dear *Belinda* to her Brother, whom I ev'ry Minute expect, but I find her loſs'd, unleſs ſhe marrys to the Man that injur'd her.

Court.

Court.

Bevil's our Friend, and if my Brother refuſes to marry her, he forfeits *Bevil*'s and my own Eſteem.

Dor.

Poor Soul!. amidſt her Griefs ſhe ſeems to love the Hand that gave the Blow.

SCENE XXII.

LETTICE *enters.*

Mr. *Bevil*, Madam, and Mr. *Courtly*'s Brother, to wait upon you.——— O! that I had known the Wolf in his Sheep's Cloathing! (*Aſide.*

Dor.

Deſire 'em to walk in. (Lettice *goes.*

SCENE XXIII.

Court.

I'm pleas'd with *Bevil* and my Brother's coming together.———You have Reaſon to think the Captain will be here preſently you ſay: you have your Evidences ready, I hope, in Relation to what you told me about him and *Belinda.*

Dor.

Lettice liv'd with him at the Time when he firſt had *Belinda*; and he has forgot her long ſince: and we have prevail'd on *Needy* to appear againſt him, for his own Safety, and in Hopes of making us his Friends.

SCENE XXIV.

Enter BEVIL *and* COURTLY *jun.*

Court ſen.

Mr. *Bevil* I'm ſorry———————

Bev.

Pardon me if I interrupt you, by telling you that your Brother and I are going to be nearer ally'd than we were before. *Dorinda*, I'm oblig'd to you for your good Offi-

ces,

ses, and ſhall endeavour to ſhew you ſoon how ſenſible I am of them.

Court. jun.

I hope, Madam, the Event of what has happen'd will prevent the Neceſſity of my making an Apology to you for the Freedom I took in your Houſe. (*To* Dorinda.

Court. ſen.

Surely never ſo many ſurpriſing Incidents occur'd in making ſo happy a Cataſtrophe.

SCENE XXV.

LETTICE *enters.*

Lett.

Madam, the Captain is coming, with *Needy* at his Heels.

Dor.

Now, Gentlemen, I believe we ſhall have no unpleaſant Scene in ſtripping the Aſs of the Lion's Skin. *Lettice*, be ready when you're call'd.

(Lettice *goes out.*

SCENE XXVI.

Enter BRAG *and* NEEDY.

Brag.

Shall I put up ſuch a notorious Affront as this *Needy?* I'll ſooner dy: ---- but what have we here? ---- A wiſe Man ought to try all Ways before he takes up Arms. How d'y' know but ſhe may ſurrender without Compulſion?

Need.

Good Gods! What it is to be wiſe! I never come near you but I go inſtructed from you.

(Brag *advances towards the Company.*

Dorinda, firſt anſwer me this, ——— when I made you a Preſent of *Belinda*, did not you encourage my Addreſſes to you?

Dor.

What then?

Brag.

Brag.

And have you not ſince forbad my Viſits, and ſent for my Rival Mr. *Courtly* there?

Dor.

So I had a Mind.

Brag.

Therefore deliver *Belinda* back, unleſs you wou'd have her taken by Force.

Court. jun.

Deliver her to you?

Court. ſen.

Be quiet; let us ſee what Lengths he'll go.

(*Aſide to* Courtly jun.

Brag.

Who are you? What wou'd you have? What Bus'neſs have you with her?

Bev.

I'm inclin'd to think, good Captain *Swaſh*, that I ſhall make you remember the Place, the Time, and me too, as long as you live.

Need.

I pity you, Sir, that you ſhou'd make ſo great a Man as this your Enemy.

Bev.

A Word with you aſide, Sir. (*To* Brag.

Brag.

With all my Heart: what's *Brag* afraid of?

Dor.

Hark y', *Needy*, you ſtand to your Agreement? We deſire you to witneſs to no more than is true.

Need.

Madam, I am ſo weary of purchaſing my Living, at ſo dear a Rate as by flatt'ring this Wretch, that you need not diſtruſt me.

Brag.

'Tis very ſurpriſing Sir! You give me ſuch Proofs of *Belinda*'s being your Siſter that I muſt in Honour give up my Pretenſions to her. [*To* Bevil.] —— *Needy*, let us go; the Gentlemen are Gentlemen of Honour:——and I don't know what Danger we are in if we ſtay.

(*Aſide to* Needy.

Dor.

Dor.

My dear Guardian, my paſſionate Lover, there is a ſmall Account betwixt us, which we muſt ſettle before we part; therefore let us begin regularly. —*Lettice.*

(*She calls* Lettice.

SCENE XXVII.

LETTICE *enters.*

Dor.

I ſuppoſe, Captain, you know this old Acquaintance of yours.

Brag.

I don't know, Madam, that ever I ſaw her Face before.

Lett.

I think, Captain, now I've a fair Opportunity of revenging myſelf on you for your ill Uſage of me ſome Years ago, at the Time you kidnap'd Miſs *Belinda* from her Friends.

All.

What, was our noble Captain a Kidnapper?

Lett.

You muſt remember how you took Advantage of my Neceſſity, and drew me in by a Promiſe of Marriage, and then left me to provide for the Infant with which I was with Child by you.

Brag.

That I ſhou'd not know the Jade! How ſtrangely ſhe's alter'd! (*Aſide.*)——You can tell, *Needy*, that there is not a Word of Truth in what the Wench has ſay'd; you was with me in another Country.

Need.

Yes, Sir, and at the Time you ſtole *Belinda* too, and when you ſold her to a Merchant in *Jamaica*, and when you had her back again at the Death of this Lady's Mother. (*Pointing to* Dorinda.

Court ſenr.

We ſee, Captain, that your noble Courage is pull'd down: we ſhall therefore propoſe ſome Conditions to you, upon which you ſhall be ſet at Liberty, and not be proſe-

cuted for kidnaping. First, you muſt give *Dorinda* the Remainder of her Fortune immediately.

Brag.

With all my Heart: I never boggle at doing Juſtice: I once intended her much more.

Court. ſenr.

That's plain: then you muſt marry Miſtreſs *Lettice*, and make a ſmall Settlement on her and her Child.

Brag.

Conſider, Sir——

Court. ſenr.

No heſitating. You know the Conſequence if you don't: the Law is open againſt you for your Offences.

Need.

Never mind it, Sir, you can but leave her, and go into the *Venetian* Service again: you are ſure of a Flag there.

Brag.

Thou Caitiff vile, I ſhou'd do all that is requir'd with Pleaſure, if I was ſure of ſeeing you ſtarve.

Court. jun.

Go you, *Needy*, and fetch the Parſon; for the Captain and I will have the ſame Wedding-day: come, Brother *Bevil*, you, and I, and the Captain, will wait in the next Room, till *Needy* returns. Mrs. *Bride*, come you along with us: we'll take Care, before we part, that the Remainder of *Dorinda*'s Fortune and your Settlement ſhall be ſecure.

(*To* Lettice.

Need. (*As they go out.*

My noble Patron, that once was, why don't you draw, and ſerve 'em as you did *Kouli Kan*'s Army, drive them before you?

Brag.

Dog!

(*They all go out but* Courtly *ſenr. and* Dorinda.

SCENE

SCENE XXVIII.

Court.

Let us continue, *Dorinda*, to love, as Nature intended we ſhou'd, on Terms of Honour:

While free to chuſe we live, there is no Strife,
Without the Names of Husband and of Wife:
The leſs we're bound, the nearer we'll be ty'd,
Each Night a Bridegroom I, and you a Bride.

ERROR of the Preſs.

P. 3, in the 3d Verſe of the Song, for *brink* read *bring.*

EPI-

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Miſs BRET[illegible]

THE Buſ'neſs of an Epilogue's t' accuſe ye,
And, when we've took your Money, to abuſe ye;
But this ſtrange Author ſays that [illegible]r Age
There is no Room for Satire on the ſtage.
In Times like theſe, when all Corruption's dead,
And the Stream's pure e'en from the Fountain-head,
In ſuch an Age, free from Exceſs of Gaming,
When none are Bubbles, who are worth our naming,
When none are hurt by Promiſes delay'd,
And none by Harlots, none by Friends, betray'd,
In theſe our upright, theſe our golden, Times,
Who fears the Laſh of Proſe or wicked Rhymes?
The Courtier ſure, who ſcorns to do what's wrong,
Can never tremble at a harmleſs Song;
When Penſion's nam'd, if any one's in Pain,
He is no Machiavel *that will complain:*
Let therefore, when Satire is ſay'd or ſung,
The gall'd Jade winch, our Withers are unwrung.